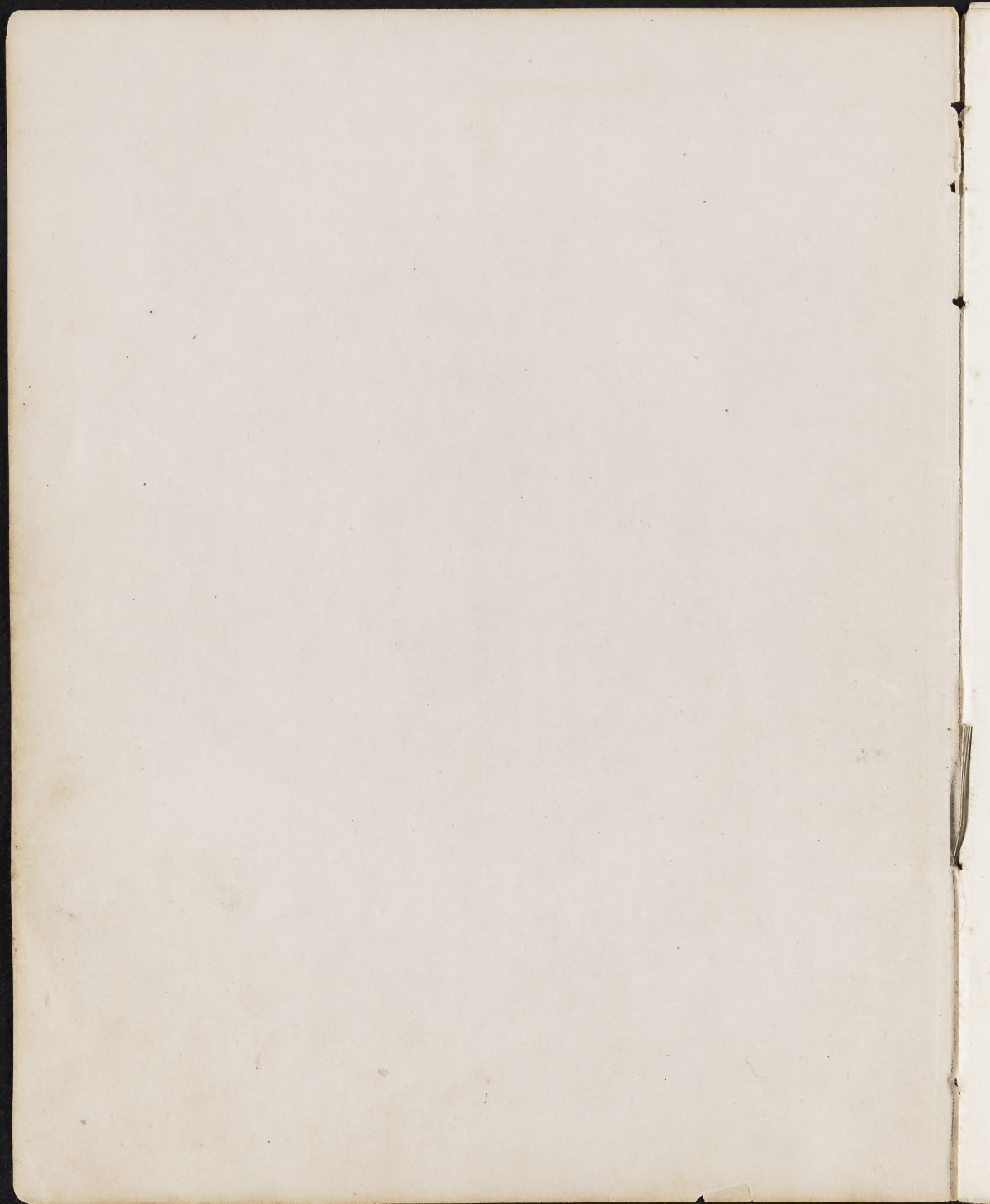


For Sarah

The touch of fate our holiest joys may blight
May quench the glowing torch of friendship's light
May sever hearts that through successive years
Had clung unchanged 'mid varying hopes and fears
But raise ~~the~~ ^{our} trembling eyes - to! from afar
Faith in the darkened future shows a star

Dundee December 13th 1846

Hester Ann



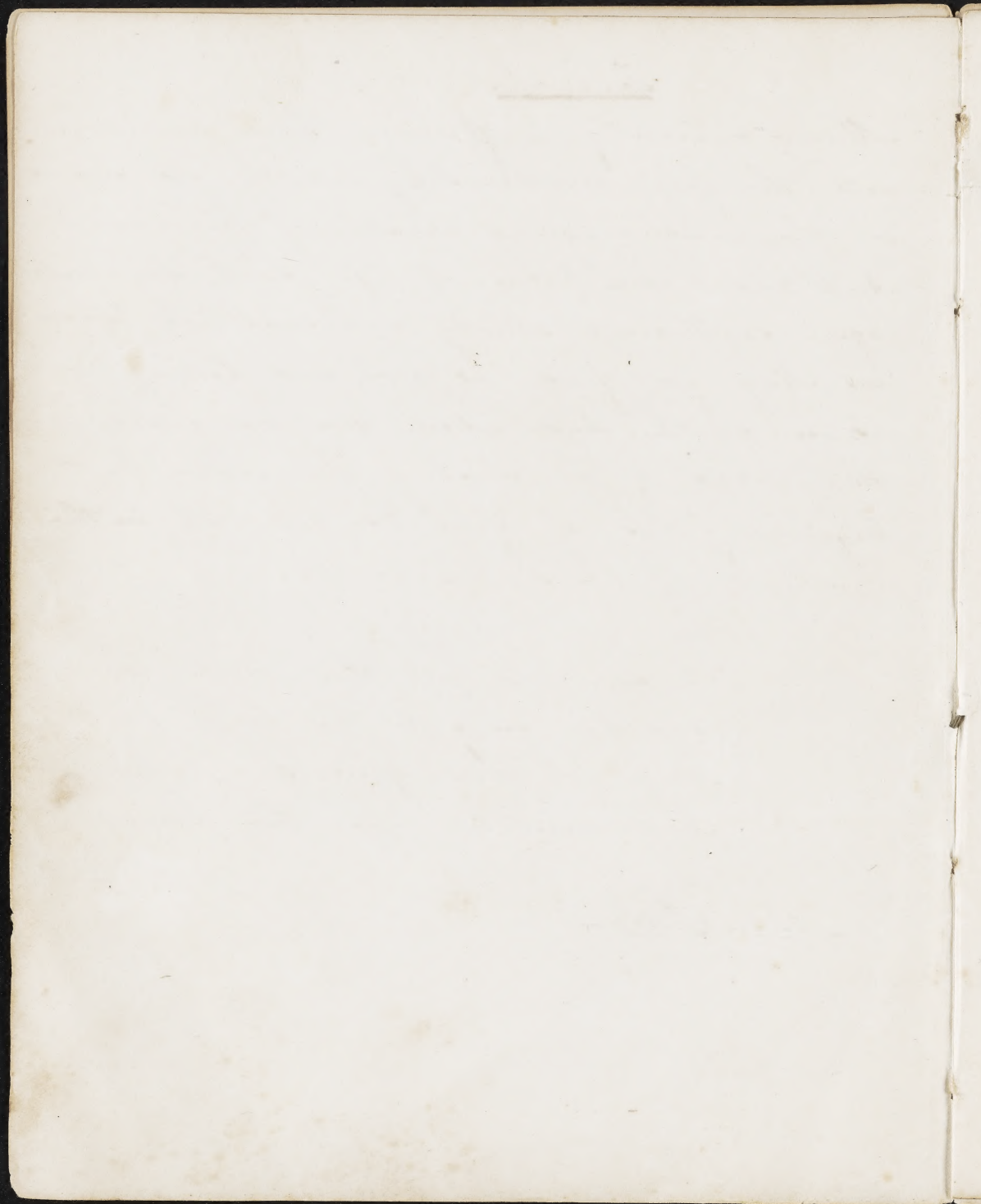
To Sarah.

Many a beautiful flower have we woven
with the faire white Lily and the glorious rose
in the unchanging wreath of friendship.
And when our paths of life shall diverge, and
age shall creep slowly and stealthily upon
us May you find as true and lasting friends
as in youth. And when you are called from
this world of cares May you roam in the
Elysian fields of your God and bask in the
sun-light of his smiles forever.

So when you quit these mortal scenes
And soar away to the land of rest
May you leave your soul in Lethe's stream
And mingle with the pure & blest

Sophie

- April 22th 1847 -



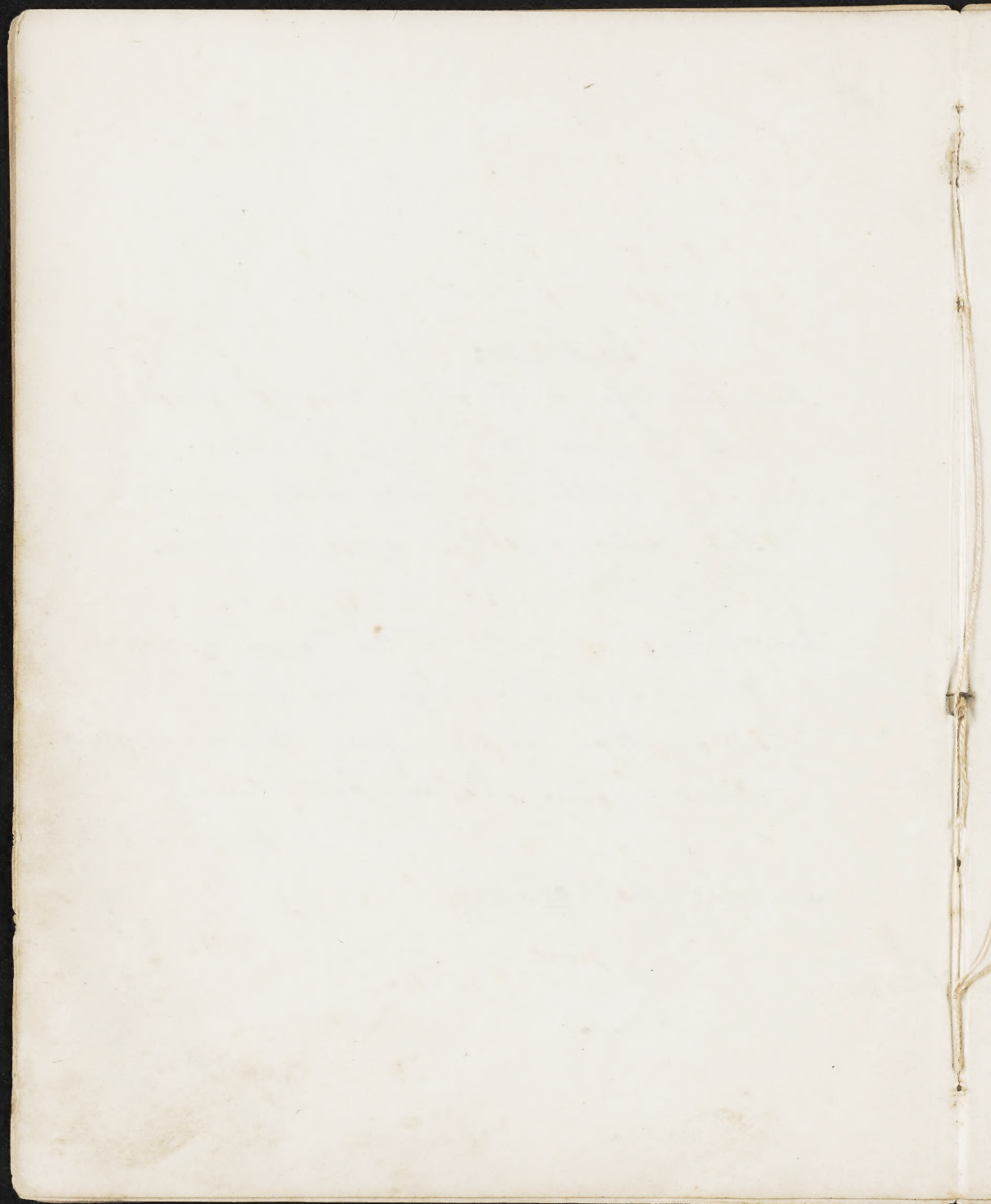
E. Sarah

May thy life be pure as the rivers flow,
And fair as the vernal flowers;
May thy death be bright as the noon-tide glow
And calm as the sun-set hours.

And O may we meet in the land of rest
When dreams of life are flown
Where breathes no sigh from the soul oppressed
For sad farewells are known.

Sophie S. Wolcott.

Sunday April 27th 1847.



To Sarah

"Parted friends may meet again,
When the storms of life are past,
And the spirit freed from pain,
Basks in friendships that will last.

Worldly cares may sever wide,
Distant far their paths may be -
But the bond by Death untied,
They shall once again be free.

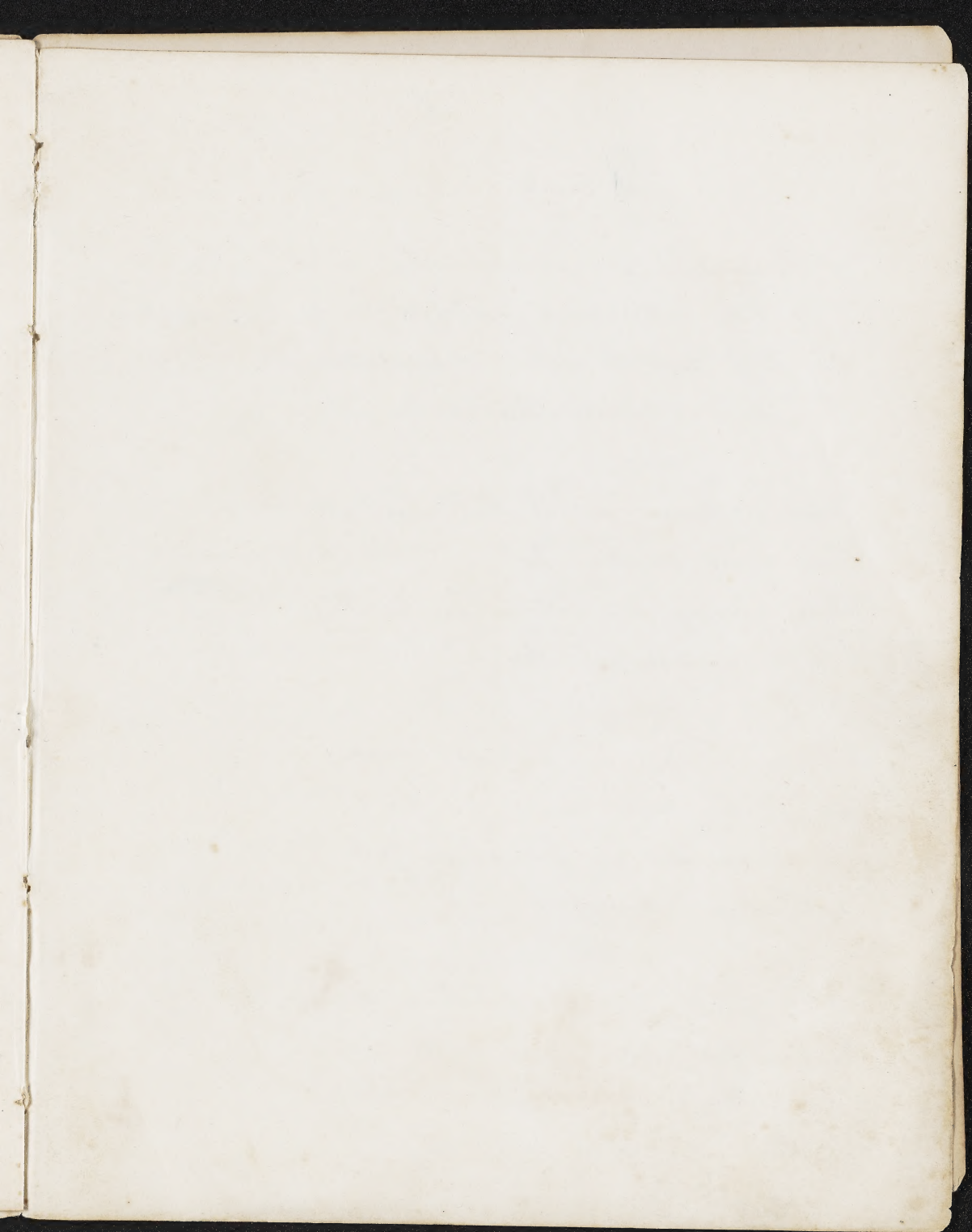
Parted friends again may meet,
From the toils of nature free
Crowned with mercy - Oh how sweet
Will eternal friendship be - "
Hammonds part Oct 12th / 99
Thine Emily

To, My Sister, Sarah

For richer jewels, and more valued gems,
Than ever grand imperial diadems, —
The choicest treasures of the human mind,
Within this casket oft a place shall find. —

Dundee. Feb 7th, 1847 —

D. W. C. W.

To Sarah

Remember me yes while the pulse
Of life beats warm and free
By all I love on earth or heaven
I will remember thee

Think not though distant that you art
Thou canst forgotten be
While memory lives within my heart
I will remember thee

And where afar in distant lands
Where all shall smile for thee
By all our love our friendship past
Wilt thou remember me

And where the hand that threads these lines
In death's cold grasp shall be
In pleasures gay and joyous hours
Wilt thou remember me

Harriet A Walling

My Name

It comes to me when smiles are bright
on gentle lips that murmur round me
and kindling glances flash delight
In eyes whose spell would once have bound me

It comes to tell that all of worth
I dream in heaven or know on earth
However bright or dear it be
Is blended with my thought of thee

Barrington, March, 4, 1848

E. A. Lunderlin

Although for a time we are destined to part
Those seasons should never be forgot
But let those past-scenes entwine round each heart
And still be resigned to our ^{lot} ~~hearts~~

E., A., L.

59 To Sarah
Amie en amie

DB